

Walk In My Shoes

Nipsey Hussle

(Grand Hustle...The economy, the economy, the economy, the economy...)

Come take a walk in my shoes
Just some young niggas makin' millionaire moves
Everything to gain we ain't got nothin' to lose
If you tryna get money nigga this is what ya do
Gotta hustle gotta grind yea (this is what ya do)
Gotta hustle gotta grind yea (this is what ya do)
Gotta hustle gotta grind yup (this is what ya do)
If you tryna get money nigga this is what ya do look

Wake up early in the morning on me
Go to sleep by myself and I ain't lonely homie
I'm a boss and I need space to calculate my plans
Ain't got no time for silly bitches that don't understand
Hit the Gucci store, spend a couple racks
Memories in case I catch a case and don't come back
Real niggas always take it, we don't ever ask
And live it up when we get it, cause it never last
Street life is like sand in the hour glass
And we is not the niggas watching hours pass
Road to riches 500 horse power fast
V-12 visions young nigga never fount in class
Pull up on the block and I'll be front and center
Unless of course a nigga gone until November
Gettin' money that's the only thing on my agenda
Now put your foot up in my shoe if you think I'm pretendin'

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Now comin' up in this world they said I couldn't be shit
Cause a copped a couple pills and I flipped a couple zips
I'm rich of cocaine like I never touched a brick
But why they gettin' mad at how I make my money flip
Doin' outta town transactions, with my main man
Hope to reach home by Mother's Day was the game plan
When it's a drought down south you know how that go
And the packs are so it's movin' that slow
I'm not one of them d-boys on the corna
Instead I'm in the Bentley smoking on marijuana
Money got me wit a bad case of insomnia
Yea, so I can't sleep, don't grind, don't eat
It's my motto, and that's what I follow
And ain't nothin' wrong with gettin' the money pronto
That's some advice for ya niggas that do not know
And soaking up this game, ya see the guap grow

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Stay down city, yea
You gotta stay off in the trap till a nigga make a killin'
It don't matter what he dealin'
Cause the money spend the same
Once it all stack up, then ask me how I'm feelin'
Addin' up expenses, a luxury tax
A 40 inch gold chain and some brand new demin
You don't see how he do, starin' in my rearview
Speedin' in the lane, tryna feel what the gears do
Take a walk in my 10.5's
And you'll see what he did just to get at the cash
Real niggas take risks just to fill up rubber bands
With them big face Benjamins, you don't know the half, and
We don't ever ask, we just go hard and smash
Stay in love with lifestyle, it's far from a fad
And I'm far from a class, but I'm still doin' math nigga
I'm rich and infamous, don't care what the judge figures